Poems on several Occasions

An EPILOGUE

Stet quicumque volet potens
Aule culmine lubrico, &c. Senec.

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone;
Lie Sauntering Jack, and Idle Joan.
While rolling Threescore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courses run;
If Human Things went Ill or Well;
If changing Empires rose or fell;
The Morning past, the Evening came,
And found this Couple still the same.
They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks: What then?
Why then They Walk'd and Eat again:
They soundly slept the Night away:
They did just Nothing all the Day:
And having bury'd Children Four,
Wou'd not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Sitter either had, nor Brother:
They seem'd just Tally'd for each other.

Their Moral and Oeconomy
Most perfectly They made agree:
Each Virtue kept it's proper Bound,
Not Trespass'd on the other's Ground,
Not Fame, nor Censure They regarded:
They neither Punish'd, nor Rewarded.
Poems on several Occasions.

He car'd not what the Footmen did.
Her Maids she neither praise'd, nor chid:
So every Servant took his Course;
And bad at First, they all grew worse.

Slothful Disorder fill'd His Stable;
And flintit Plenty deck'd Her Table.
Their Beer was strong; their Wine was Port;
Their Grace was short. They gave the Poor the Remnant-meal.

They paid the Church and Parish-Rate;
And took, but read not the Receipt:
For which they claim'd their Sunday's Due.

Of fluming in an upper Pew.

No Man's Defects sought They to know;
No Man's good Deeds did They command;
No Man's good Deeds did They command;
So never misd. Themselves a Friend.

They neither added, nor Confounded:
Each Christmas. They Accompts did clear;
And wound their Bottom round the Year.
DEAR Dick, how e'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed,
That You and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain Mr. You Minister of State.

Nor Fear, nor Smile did. They imply'd it.
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wife;
Without Love, Hated, Joy, or Fear;
And to They liv'd; and so They dy'd.

Horace Lib. I. Epit. IX.
Sophonis. Clouds, minima intellegi was,
Quint me facias: &c.
Imitated.

To the Right Honorable
Mr. Harley.